Eastport, July 31, 1835.
Friday night.

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My dear Love:

Although I sent you a letter by this morning's mail, informing you of my movements, yet as I am now detained contrary to my hopes and expectations, and knowing something of your anxiety on my account, duty and affection urge me to seize my pen once more, to bid you wait patiently for my arrival home, and not to argue from my delay that some disaster has happened unto me. Here I am in a most tiresome and vexatious situation, without friends or acquaintance, the place as dull as monotony can make it, and covered with the impending gloom of a perpetual fog, and my spirit in a high fever to fly to your dear presence. I came to this place on Wednesday evening, expecting to take the packet instantly, and hoping to be in Boston to attend the evening anniversary of the first of August — the greatest day in the history of human deliverance from slavery. Well — the fog put an embargo upon the packet for that evening. On Thursday, all day and evening, it covered heaven, earth and sea, with its impenetrable veil, accompanied by showers of rain; the wind, moreover, was directly against us. This morning, for an hour or two, it was tolerably clear, and the wind fair though faint; but the fog soon came on as densely as ever, and the wind as suddenly turned against us. Thus was our hope of departure nipped in the bud. It is now almost midnight — Egyptian darkness that may be felt hovers around us — the rain is pouring heavily down — and the prospect of a fair wind and fair weather is as remote as ever. We may be detained here another week — the thought is insupportable.

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I have scarcely ever been more miserable in my life. This place presents not one single attraction, and there is not a soul with whom I can commune. I am home-sick, dreadfully home-sick. Never did I long to see you more than at the present time. I send you a thousand kisses for each of your fair cheeks, and twice ten thousand for your pretty strawberry lips. O, my love, I pity you if our separation is as painful to you as it is to me. The agony of "hope deferred," and the baffled expectation of love prey heavily upon my heart. You are dear — very dear — almost too dear to me. Sometimes you have made me sorrowful, by expressing fears that you were not the one calculated to make me happy. Banish for ever from your mind, a thought so cruel and unjust. Where, in the wide world, can I find one more attentive, or loving, or devoted, or disinterested, or amiable, than yourself? Truly, our souls are one, and we will love constantly until death. — Dearest, I trust you are well — but think how watched I must be, after so long a time, not to receive a single line either from you, or from Henry and my friend Isaac. If I could have received only half-a-dozen lines from your pen, they would have been as a cordial to my heart. + + + But here I will pause, and try to get some rest, and so fill up my sheet to-morrow. Good night, and may a guardian angel hover around you!

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Saturday morning — 7 o'clock.

I have passed a feverish night — sleep has failed to close my eye-lids. You have absorbed all my thoughts, and upon your image I have gazed, "as on a jewel set in ghastly night." The breakfast bell is ringing, and I must arise, though much more fatigued than when I went to bed. How is the weather, and what is the prospect? I have reluctantly lifted my curtains, and my heart sinks within me. The

same overshadowing and doizzly fog obscures every object at a few yards' distance, and renders the scene truly dismal. I despair of our sailing to-day

Half past 9 o'clock. — As soon as I had swallowed a hasty breakfast, I put on my cloak and hat, took my umbrella, and made a desperate sally out of doors, by way of a morning excursion — all in the fog. I have just returned from an indefinite stroll for about five miles, but see no appearance of fair weather. It is still fog — nothing but fog — which I now enumerate in the following

Misty-cal Lines.

Or mud or mire, or marsh or bog,
Is better than this doizzling fog.
The Boundary cannot sail — a clog
Embargoes her — it is the fog.
It gripes and binds like any cog
In miller's wheel — tenacious fog!
Deliver me from a mad-dog,
And next — from this drear eastern fog!
I like not to be flogg'd, or flog —
As little do I like a fog.
Hail, murrain, lice, and many a frog,
Did Egypt plague — but not this fog!
It blears and stupifies like grog —
O, vile narcotic, muddling fog!
In vain our eyes are all agog
To see — we look in vain through fog.
'Tis obstinate as any hog —
It will not budge an inch, this fog.
Poor Patience keeps her easy jog
No longer — how she scolds the fog!
Better to have king Stork, or Log,
Reign over us, than spectre Fog! —
Call this not Cast-port more — transmog-
Rify it thus — the port of Fog!

12 o'clock. — The sun is out! the fog is nearly dispersed! the wind is beginning more fair! and we now hope to sail after dinner! I tremble lest we may be again disappointed — and here I will pause, until afternoon come.

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1 o'clock. — The captain has just sent us up word, that we must be down by half past 1 — that is, as soon as we have eaten dinner. The prospect is now good of our getting a fair start. Blow propitiously, ye winds! Shine out, fair sun!

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Miss Helen E. Garrison,
Care of Garrison & Knapp,
Boston, Mass.

Now, my love, the load upon my heart lessens. I shall be to return home in safety, and find all well as when I left!

O, how happy I do not forget that this is the glorious 1st of August. Let the jubilee sound unto heaven! Glory be to God in the highest, because good will has been shown to down-trodden men! — O, that I could be at the meeting this evening in Boston!

Farewell — dearest — Wm. Lloyd Garrison